

THE
BEAUTIES OF

Harrogate and Knaresbro'

K

A



POEM.

Hail HARROGATE! high favour'd place,
A partial Providence we trace;
Reviving gales here sweetly blow,
Restoring SPRINGS redundant flow
Of healing powers:
Gouts here, and rheumatisms too,
And all Pandora's hateful crew,
That fill our lives with pain and folly,
Excluded are with melancholy.

Welcome dear KNARESBRO'! welcome sweet repose,
Here no rude noise or folly intervene;
But various prospects, various charms disclose;
The chequer'd landscape, or romantic scene.

MEEKE.

RIPON:

Printed by W. FARRER, for D. LEWIS,
and Sold by E. HARGROVE, at his Shops in
Knaresbro' and Harrogate, and other Booksellers.
1798.

PRICE SIX PENCE.

PREFACE.

THERE are few towns can boast more of the rich gifts of nature, than *Harrogate* and *Knarebro'*; the one for its vivifying Springs, and healthy Situation; the other for its romantic scenes, and natural Curiosities. Nor, will many places afford such ample fields for the descriptive Muse. — The Writer of the following Poem, labouring under a confined education, was hindered from treating the Subject as he could wish; but, hopes these plain Remarks, may stimulate some able hand, to delineate and embellish those delightful Scenes with the beauties of Poetry, in such a manner as they deserve.

This Piece when wrote was not intended for publication, but through the importunity of friends, (perhaps too partial,) it is now humbly submitted to the judgement of the Public, who, no doubt, will find many literary defects in it, both phyloogical and metrical, which may excite the criticism of the learned. — Though it has not sublimity of style, or elegance of expression, to recommend it; yet, its truth and simplicity, may make some compensation for their absence; as they who make the agreeable excursion, may find by visiting the Places therein described, where the flowery fields of Arcadia, and visionary groves of Elysium are realized!

Excuse kind reader, and regard,
Those lines address'd to you:
The efforts of a rustic Bard,
While following the Plough!

The Beauties of
HARROGATE and KNARESBROUGH.

ARGUMENT.

Arrival at Harrogate—recovery from Sickness—view of the circumjacent Country—of the Chalybeate Spring—Sulphur Wells—Warm Bath—Apostrophe to Harrogate—Company—Trip to Knaresbro'—Objects on the Road—High Bridge—Long-Walk—Dropping Well—Low Bridge—St Robert's Chapel—Fort Montague—Apostrophe to the River Nid—Priory—Grimbald Crag—St Robert's Cave—and Well—return to the Town—Long Flat—a Prospect—The Castle—Conclusion.

FROM fancy scenes the homely muse refrains,
For KNARESBRO'S rocks, and HARROGATE'S
fair plains ;
But, to describe these scenes with lasting praise,
Is left for happier Bards with nobler lays ;
As what I here in humble lines impart,
Are but the feelings of a grateful heart ;

That in weak numbers would attempt to raise,
 For health restor'd a tribute of my praise.
 I bless my God for his protecting grace,
 Who brought me to this much renowned place;
 Let holy life in gratitude declare
 His wond'rous love and providential care.
 Pale sickness threaten'd to dissolve my frame,
 When for my health to HARROGATE I came;
 Relax'd my nerves, impair'd my vital strength,
 The malady portended death at length.
 But by its baths, and salutary springs,
 Which soon a state of convalescence brings,
 I felt no more excruciating pain,
 For health and vigour then return'd again.

TH' adjacent country all its beauties spread
 The surzy heath, the town, or verdant mead:
 In ev'ry point, the prospects gay arise:
 And ev'ry view, exhilarates the eyes.
 Northward is *Ripley*, where we may remark,
 Its church, and hall, and variegated park.
Mickle-howhill * looks o'er the neighb'ring plains
 Near which is *Fountains Abbey's* grand remains.
 The spiry trees form tufts on diff'rent hills,
 While fruitful vales are wash'd by silver rills:
 And *Brimham rocks* we may from hence explore,
 Where forty acres there are scattered o'er
 With massy stones, of an unusual size,

* St. Michael's Mount near Studley.

That on the ground in grand disorder lies.
 See *Warnside* high, oft clad with chilling snow,
 'Till summer breezes o'er its summit blows.
 Up *N'therdale* the hill successive rise,
 'Till their blue tops are lost among the skies.
 The forest to the *Craven hills* ascends,
 And 'twixt the rivers *Nid* and *Warfe* extends:
 Once drear and waste, now parcel'd out in fields,
 And partial crops to cultivation yields.
 See *Harlow hill* cap'd with a clump of trees;
 And *Pannal ash* waves with the hill-top breeze;
 There *Brisoe* ridge with corn fields on its side;
 There *Ruding* * trees are deck'd in verdant
 pride;
 There *Spofforth vale* where *Crimple's* eddies
 please;
 There *Deighton spire* and tuft of tow'ring trees;
 There *Birkham wood* which spreads a lurid
 gloom;
 There *Plompton groves* doth shed a rich
 perfume,
 Not the sweet odours on Arabia's shore
 On breezes born, can please the sailor more.
 East, *Knarsbro'* and fair *Allerton* are seen;
 Also *York minster* through the blue serene,
 The noblest structure in the gothic style,
 That we can boast in our embellish'd isle.

• A Seat of the Right Hon. Lord Loughborough.

The landscape fine creates a glad surprize;
 Here noble *Loughbro's* fine plantations rise,
 To their green groves the strained eye recurs,
 Of larch, and pine, and coniferous firs;
 That decks the border of each spacious field,
 And ample profit will with pleasure yield;
 Affords a shelter to the plowman's toil,
 Breaks of the blasting wind and mends the soil,
 And see the *Spring*, topt with a dome so neat,
 Whence flows the much admired *Chalybeate*:
 When wan consumptions bring the body low,
 And life's dear crimson almost stops to flow;
 When torpid matter stagnates in each vein;
 A course of this will set all right again:
 Crapulas, weakness, and obstructions cures,
 And some commend it for prolific pow'rs.
 The *Sulphur Fountains* in the vale below,
 Where crowds for profit and for pleasure go;
 When scurvy humours vitiate the blood,
 These wond'rous waters are a sov'reign good:
 When worms would eat our bodies premature,
 These *Springs* specific, yield an instant cure:
 A ready help in each cutaneous case,
 As scurf, eruptions, or a pimpled face.
 The *Tepid Baths* scarce can enough be prais'd,
 What languid habits are to vigour rais'd,
 What rheumatisms, gout, arthritic pains,
 Paralytic limbs, lameness, cramps, and sprains!

Such chronic ailments are remov'd hereby,
 Which thankful numbers gladly testify.
 Although offensive both to taste and smell,
 The balm of life runs from each sulphur well;
 Benign effects they 're often known to give,
 As a cathartic, or alterative.

The many conquests gained o'er disease,
 Sure eve'ry philanthropic heart will please:
 Here death is rob'd of his expected prey,
 And long the king of terrors kept at bay.
 Oh! *Harrogate*, what town can vie with thee,
 In views, springs, air, health, and civility?
 Thy verdant heath, so cheering to the eye;
 Thy circling course, where fleeting racers fly;
 Thy charming prospects, ev'ry way around;
 Thy pleasant walks through variegated ground;
 Thy wholesome springs that nature's wastes
 repair;
 Thy pleasing eminence commands the air;
 Thy smiling meadows, and redundant crops;
 Thy well built houses, and thy well stow'd shops;
 Thy stately Inns, for entertainment fit;
 Thy theatre, the school of brilliant wit.
 The ligneous museum * in this place is shown,
 Where sportive nature out of rule hath grown;

* Withinshaw's Museum, consisting of a large collection of natural productions principally of wood.

Art copys nature in what men impart;
 But nature here hath copied works of art,
 In strange productions mimic shapes and forms,
 Of shells, utensils, animals, and worms!
 The library, * where chosen books are found,
 Which thence redundant circulate around:
 Replete with knowledge, which all ought to
 prize,

Confirms the learned, makes the simple wise,
 Fits the polite, and gratifies the gay,
 And suits with all upon a rainy day.

DELIGHTFUL place! here's all that can
 allay

Life's vari'd woes, and chase its ills away.
 The gentle guests from ev'ry quarter come,
 Where with convivial friends they make their
 home.

The statesman here a while forgets his to'ls;
 The soldier here enjoys his well earn'd spoils;
 The learn'd divine fresh arguments may find;
 The ethic sages may improve the mind;
 The lawyer here postpones his client's cause,
 And learns more ably to defend the laws:
 The rich come here to circulate their wealth;
 The gay for pleasure, and the sick for health;
 Here fashion'd beaus do constantly repair;
 And last, tho' first, *Britania's* matchless fair:

♦ Hargrove's Circulating Library.

So that rich nosegay glows on Celia's breast,
Where ev'ry flow'r is clad in beauty's vest.

WHEN pleasant weather tempts each one
abroad,

In gay excursions on each pleasing road:
Some chuses *Plompton*, *Studley*, or *Hackfall*;
But *Knarebro's* scenes, doth far outvie them all,
No local prejudice makes me declare,
So much in favour of its views or air;
For visiters in gen'ral speak its praise,
And their encomiums to its honour raise.
By various fields of corn or springing grass,
The diff'rent objects strike us while we pass:
About midway where *Starbeck* bubbles by,
A field's length down, two diff'rent springs are
nigh;
One stinking sulphur, th' other strongly steel'd,
Both flow neglected in the self same field.
Two thirds are past when *Knarebro'* strikes the
eye,

Its piles contending, with each other vie;
No gilded turrets, or expensive spires,
For honest labour no such cost requires;
But simple buildings their defects supply,
Where artists toil, and boxen shuttles fly:
Yet here and there a house is form'd for ease,
Adorn'd with art, the owner's mind to please.

Upon your left is *Bilton's* pleasant hall; *
From whence the ground in gentle slopes doth
fall:

Beyond are *Scotton clumps*, on martial ground,
Where yet entrenchments are conspicuous found
And *Garcar's groves* the wand'ring eyes regale,
Whence verdant fields descend unto *Nid's vale*,
Down which descends its flexious silver flood;
And on the right is *Bellmond's* § verdant wood:
In front a noble stone-built house † is seen,
Beskirted with a lovely field of green;
And *Claro's hill* appears in backward ground,
Once th' rendezvous of all the country round,
To join their leaders to repel their foes,
To save their freedom, and defend their laws.
A good precedent. — therefore let US stand
With dauntless breasts, to guard our threaten'd
land.

On one hand, (when unto the vale we low'r,)
See scatter'd fragments, and a forked tow'r;
On th' other hand, see *Conyngbams* neat hall; ‡

• The seat of John Watton Esq;

† The seat of James Collins Esq;

‡ The seat of Lady Conyngham.

§ At this place is the remains of a large oak,
which girts 18 Feet at 2 yards from the ground:
here now is, and often hath been, a large stack of
Corn, &c. made on the spreading arms of this Child
of the Forest,

And *Scriven's* § vista, does attention call;
 Where rural walks the greatest pleasure yield,
 And cawing rooks their lofty city build,
 Who check the insects that would strip th' field.
 When at the *Bridge*, such scenes * crowd on
 the sight,
 As fills the mind with wonder and delight;
 The stately church, where prayer is frequent
 made;
 The sacred ground where human grandeur's laid;
 The hoary rocks, with mant'ling ivy crown'd;
 The sloping gardens on declivious ground:
 The tow'ring houses on the rocky brow,
 Projecting seems to threaten these below;
 High on the summit of the grass grown hill,
 The ruin'd *Castle* does an awe instil:
 These are reflected in the placid flood,
 O'er which projects a beauteous hanging wood, †
 Through which, a winding avenue is made,
 Close on *Nid's* banks and through the silvan
 shade;
 From stately trees exchanging branches run,
 And form a canopy against the sun:

§ The seat of Sir Thomas Turner Slingsby, Bart.

" * The hoary rocks the falling towers,

" The stately domes the shady bowers,

" The verdant fields, the pendant wood;

" On *Nid's* meandering silver flood."

Hargrove's History of Knarethorpe

† Long Walks.

As in some venerable cloister'd aisle,
 Where stained glass scarce suffers day to smile,
 Where sculptur'd marble and the brass plate
 near,

Shews us the men that our forefathers were :
 So the close umbrage made by full grown leaves,
 A dubious light into the walk receives :

The ligneous pillars in due order stand,
 Whence springing arches o'er the head expand ;
 Of nature's work, excelling that of men,
 Yet rudely carved with the silvan pen ;
 For wanton youths hath set their fav'rite mark,
 Or their initials on the tender bark.

Sweet music's band oft here at eve retires,
 With piercing horn, and sonoric lyres,
 In voice canorous glads the vale around,
 And gentle echos catch the dying sound ;

The hills and woods the serenade prolong,
 Which Philomela rivals in her song ;

Eager the bird by fond ambition fir'd,
 Exerts its pow'rs to have itself admir'd.

The tuneful songsters of the thick clad boughs,
 Their amours tell, and interchange their vows ;
 By nature taught, by innate instinct free,
 They fill the groves with vocal melody.

At times our ears are pleas'd by the bells,
 Harmonious peal, which few or none excels,

How sweet the sound trills through the woody
 glade,
 While rocks and water lend reflective aid,
 The river falling from the art rais'd wear,
 Declares the mill, and water-works are near;
 The num'rous wheels of diff'rent pow'rs and
 speed,
 Combine to draw th' attenuated thread;
 The water rais'd by pneumatic art,
 Doth health and sweetness to the town impart.
 As the umbrella lends its friendly aid,
 From rain to shelter, and from sun to shade:
 So these mild groves afford a cool retreat,
 When dog-day suns oppress the world with heat.
 The blushing maid hears her fond lover's tale,
 Which o'er her feign'd objections doth prevail:
 So Edwin woo'd Clarinda to his bride;
 But his address she modestly deny'd;
 'Twas in these groves he urg'd her to reveal,
 What he observ'd she could not well conceal;
 She own'd her flame, and was no longer coy;
 When Hymen's rights, led to connubial joy.
 Well pleas'd I could my vacant moments spend,
 With some serious philosophic friend;
 Who can discover nature's changeless laws,
 And from effects can trace the mov'ing cause;
 Who knows the fluid air's elastic force;
 And marks the devious comet's trackless course;

Who tells what gives the rattling thunder birth;
 And what sustains the order of the earth;
 Who knows what forms these herbs and tow-
 ring trees;

And finds a GOD in ev'ry thing he sees:
 To such a one I would my doubtings tell,
 Of this strange *Spring*, this *Petrifying Well*.
 Are gushing fountains rising in the lawn,
 By nature's siphons from the ocean drawn?
 Or, is it summer's rain or winter's snow
 On arid hills, that drains to deeps below,
 Where bound by rocks, or beds of mud or clay,
 Through some small or'fice finds a constant way?
 Those mighty fountains by earth's surface bound,
 That once broke up a guilty world to drown; *
 But now by nice adjutage seldom fail
 To send a bubbling rill down ev'ry vale;
 Hence rivers swell, the rivers feed the main,
 Whence clouds arise and fall in show'rs of rain, }
 Sinks in the earth then springs and runs again: }
 Thus, through creation all things doth combine,
 Upheld and guided by a power divine:
 Thus, nature acts on wisdom's faultless plan,
 And all conspire to serve ungrateful man!
 Return my Muse, nor thus digressive stray,
 Which only serves thy weakness to betray;
 Content thyself to view external things,

* Genesis VII. 11.

Let sages pry into the cause of Springs,
 Leave those arcanæ hitherto unknown,
 For this fam'd *Well* that generateth stone.
 Guttulous rills chime with the hollow rock,
 Like tink'ing bells that lead the woolly flock:
 Its silver drops like Phœbus' golden rays
 We see diverg'd a thousand diff'rent ways:
 It here descends in extillating show'rs;
 And here exerts its lapidific pow'rs. *
 Part in an hazy cloud aloof doth fly,
 The calid air to cool and humify.
 A metamorphose in its stream we find,
 Is formed of the vegetable kind.
 So winter rain falls on the frigid ground,
 Is by the frost in icy fetters bound,
 With polish'd brightness ev'ry scene appears,
 And all creation crystal garments wears.
 Some springs rise pure, some by the strata fed,
 With alum, sulphur, nitre, steel, or lead:
 So latent particles of stone here flow,
 Concretive sticks upon the rock's big brow;
 Its growing greatness indicates its fall;

* Birds Nests, Perukes, &c. are incrust'd over
 with stone, in about two months in the summer, but
 longer in the winter: Besides this Spring, there are
 four or five more, that ooze through the leaves a
 little above, and one just within the Gate, near the
 High - Bridge, all in some degree of the Petrifying
 Nature.

A run of years may overturn the whole;
 For that there I let wasting in the flood,
 Might in this place some ages back have flood;
 But growing by the lapidescient well,
 By gravitation o'er its fulcrum fell.
 So by true virtue, empires wax great,
 While valour guards, and wisdom rules the state:
 When pride prevails, and wealth is lost in ease,
 And tell corruption honour can appease;
 When vice and luxury have got their height,
 It falls in ruins by its cumb'rous weight;
 As a huge rock that culminates the skies;
 When Phoenix like, some from the ashes rise.
 Mythologists might, in this case lay odds,
 That silvan deities, and water gods,
 As dryads, naiades, rural nymphs, and fawns,
 Who haunt the fountains, rivers, woods, and
 lawns;
 In darken'd days, ere learning did appear,
 Might be suppos'd to hold their meetings here:
 From whence arose that legendary tale,
 Of *Mother Shipton* * dwelling in this vale:
 Traditions tell, and far the mouth of fame,
 * Born about the year 1488.
 Mark well her Grot don't miss this Place,
 Nor startle at her haggard face;
 As you are come to see the Well,
 Pray take a peep into her Cell.

Hath spread the predicts of the Yorkshire
Dame;

The bodeing *Sibil* told what would betide;

But Britons hath a true and better guide:

As for her facts we cannot truly tell,

Therefore adieu unto the *Dropping Well*.

These woods when view'd from the opponent
 town,

By autumn chang'd to philomet and brown;

All the variety of shades are seen,

From lively yellow unto deepest green.

THE lower *Bridge* another view displays;

Houses and rocks excite a wild amaze:

St. Robert's Chapel in the rock is there,

Where the lone *Hermit* oft retir'd to prayer.

Hither from *York* his native * place he came,

And liv'd unknown to honour, wealth, and
 fame;

'Twas he the *Pri'ry* first began to rear:

He liv'd a life abstemious and austere;

Spontaneous herbs supplied nature's wants,

Tho' he had lands bestow'd by pious grants:

A good example for the monks he set,

For in his life each rigid virtue met;

He died and rests beneath the Holy Cross,

* Robert Flour (St. Robert) was born at York about the year 1190. *Leland's Itin.*—*Drake's Antiqu.*

When Fountain's monks were chagrin'd at
their loss:

His portrait's † seen as up the rock you go;
A soldier † guards above, a templar here below;
Who watch the pass, and keep the sacred door;
And mantling ivy wraps the out side o'er;
Its curious work we cannot but admire;
Floor, walls, and roof, are of one stone entire!
With what may serve a chapel to compleat;
As altar, niches, water-vale, and seat.
This little Cell with time itself may vie,
When strong built fabrics in confusion lie.
How happy he whom love of God inspires,
Forsakes the world, and from its pomp retires!
Who with content in his retreat is blest,
In peace may die, and have eternal rest:
But worthier he, who joins the public list,
And strives his fellow creatures to assist;
Is one in all their losses, griefs, and cares,
His wealth, and counsel for their comfort
shares:

† Prometheus stole with Pallas's aid,
To animate the man he'd made,
From heaven some sacred fire:
Here is a Hermit good enough,
I only want the living fire;
So Pallas now help Fryer.
† A soldier here in armour bright,
Who doth the foe defy;
Should thousands come with him to fight,
He'll turn one foot to fly!

Content if poor, nor opulence elates;
And in retirement often meditates.

LET all who horticulture scen'ry love,
Ascend the *Rock*, and view the heights above.
Gardens * bedeck the mountains airy brow,
While clam'rous daws in safety build below;
They're well design'd laid out in modern taste,
Which some years back were but a barren waste:
Now they the choicest esculents produce,
Flowers and herbs, for ornament and use.
The various shrubs add ornamental grace,
Art seconds nature in this lovely place.
Sedulity produces solid wealth, †
While indolence impairs its owner's health.
What beaux and belles, unto this place resort,
To see the beauties of the mimic *Fort* !
The British Flag high waving in the wind;
With cannon mounted of a gentle kind;
The green house, where secluded from cold air,
The tender plants are nursed up with care:
A handsome room built for to entertain,
With tea or such, the fashionable train:
The chosen shrubs the odorif'rous flow'rs,

* Tea Gardens or Fort Montague.

† His *Bank* stands firm, his notes are good,
While others are undone;

His credit hath unshaken stood,

Nor does he fear a run.

Which balmy exhalations sweetly pours.
 The pensile groves which Babelonia knew,
 Where spiry trees in higher regions grew:
 Now sunk in ruins levell'd with the ground,
 That so the vestiges can scarce be found:
 But if intire, what need is there to roam,
 When hanging gardens may be found at home;
 On *Knarestro's* rocks, in *Britain's* happy
 clime;
 That stands coeval with the round of time,
 On natures walls; the amaranthine flow'rs;
 The views, walks, arborets, and shady bow'rs:
 Arcadia's groves, or feign'd Elysian fields,
 In competition to their beauty yields.
 The terrac'd walks upon the mountain's brow,
 The river winding down the vale below.
 OH *Nid* whose course is lost 'twixt lofty lands,
 And nodding woods, which on thy margin
 stands;
 O'er rugged rocks thy stream sibilant falls;
 Or slowly glides where faithless deeps appals:
 What tho' no quays be found along thy side,
 Nor floops of commerce on thy waters ride:
 That wish'd for work each honest heart would
 please;
 Or else canals to give the highways ease:
 But yet thy flood teems with the finny race,

Of divers kinds, as pike, trout, eel, and dace.
 Upon thy banks Diana's sports are found,
 The sounding horn, and the wide opening hound;
 And the sagacious spaniel winds the game,
 Where leaden death flies by the short liv'd flame.
 Near to thy dimpling course 'twould be my joy,
 My time in rural labours to employ;
 I'd ask not pow'r nor be on honours bent,
 For * * and competence should content.

Nor far from hence down this romantic vale,
 (Alas! how men and all their labours fail,)
 The Priory stood, — but in a ruthless hour,
 Dissolved by an arbitrary pow'r:
 And worse, — thrown down by some impious
 band,

Or left to time's dilapidating hand:
 The sculptors that once drew the wond'ring eye,
 Doth now confus'd in grassy hillocks lie:
 And here no more the pealing anthems ring,
 Nor doth the minstrels in full concert sing.

THE *Abbey house*, * adorn'd with gardens neat;
 A sweet, desirable, retir'd, retreat,
 Where stately trees raise leafy honours high,
 And *Nid* majestic glides in silence by.

ABRUPT and high, see *Grimbald Cliff*
 appears,
 Its head canescent through a course of years:

* The residence of the Hon. G. M. W. Bart.

Nature seems here to imitate in sport,
 Some ancient castle, or some strong built fort:
 To the mid-height compos'd of coarsest grit,
 A free-stone superstructure stands on it;
 In which are holes as those for ord'nance made,
 To check th' assaults of they who would invade.
 While at the base the river spends its force,
 Frowning to be obstructed in its course:
 Scarce in one furlong twice its stream is check'd,
 Which from the mountain has a fine effect;
 Its graceful bendings under *Birkham's* wood;
 With loaded orchards where the *Pri'ry* stood.

NEAR *Grimbald Bridge*, we find *St. Robert's*
Cave,

Where a poor victim dug himself a grave:
 For fourteen years this deed was hid in night,
 Till providence brought it at length to light:
 The far-fled culprit § justice then arraigns,
 When for example he was hung in chains.

THE Muse from hence in short excursion,
 wings,

To where *St. Robert's* cooling *Fountain springs*:
 The *Cold-bath House*,* where spiny trees adorn,
 Which many visit on a summer's morn,
 And plunge therein, which seldom fails to serve
 T'invigorate each limb, and brace each nerve:

§ Eugene Aram, — see his Trial.

• Vide, Simpson on Cold Bathing.

'Twas such that strengthen'd Rome's intrepid
bands,

To spread their conquests over distant lands.

But too return our journey to renew,

Where fields afford a fine agrarian view.

EAST of the town a sloping verdant
mead, §

Where groups of milk cows on the herbage feed:

At eve and morn, they seldom ever fail,

To fill the blooming milk-maid's foaming pail

With nect'rous draught, nor was it sent in vain,

The wasting pow'rs of nature to sustain;

That crowns our tables with a rich repast,

Of wholesome food, delicious to the taste.

THE upper town a prospect fair commands,
Of Rome-built York, and its adjacent lands;

Of *Allerton* whose glades doth ever please:

Of *Goldfro'* hidden in a tuft of trees;

Adown the vale where trees luxuriant shoot,

Is *Ribstone - hall* † fam'd for its *Pippin* fruit.

To north and east how far the prospect spreads,

O'er hills and dales, and variegated meads!

The branching trees thick in the landscape rise,

Till Hambleton hills meet with the bending
skies.

§ Long Flat.

† The seat of Sir Henry Goodricke, Bart.

HENCE through the town we take our
winding way,

The *Castle's* stately remnants to survey;

Was once the pride of this prominent hill,

And is majestic in its ruins still.

Its tow'ring height our admiration calls;

The well-wrought stones, and strong cemented
walls;

Its deep dug moat, in part with ruins fill'd,

The precipice, at which the mind is chill'd:

Like Rome's high capital, whence Manlius fell,

Tho' of the Gauls he clear'd it once so well.

The ample area it did once contain,

May yet be trac'd by fragments that remain:

Great was its strength, impregnable its walls,

Ere powder's force projected wizzing balls:

But since the cannon lent to war its aid,

Strange devastation in this place is made;

Disparting tow'rs, the mould'ring broken walls,

And pensile fragments in confusion falls.

O war! thou child of pride, to reason blind,

Thou friend to death, thou scourge unto man-

kind,

By thee what nations to destruction brought!

Humanity must shudder at the thought:

If not for thee, and thy destructive fire,

This *Castle* yet might have remain'd entire:

But party rage, in *Charles's* rueful reign,
 With civil discord, stain'd the flow'ry plain;
 Rebellion's thunder with tremendous roar,
 Broke down these walls, and those of many
 more.

O when wilt thou from christendom recede?
 That Europe's sons at length may cease to bleed.
 'Tis strange they who profess a christian life,
 Should take delight in bloodshed, war, and strife,
 It shews such never new its real design,
 Its peaceful precepts, and effects benign.
 But had not *War* here urg'd its hateful way,
 Consumeing *Time* at length would bring decay,
 Tho' slow yet sure it still keeps gaining ground,
 And ev'ry moment sinks a deeper wound.
 All must submit, in every age and clime,
 To accident or omnivorous *Time*.
 In vain the builder's skill, or human toil,
 As they are subject to the gen'ral spoil:
 Let Architects adopt this maxim wise,
 " They build too low, who build beneath the
 skies."

FINIS.

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